

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Seruant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske fauour.

Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter, and be thou forrie
To follow *Cesar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady feauer thee,
Snake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cesar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and thot their Fires
Into th'Abysme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Virge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*

Cleo. Haue you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipse,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time?

Ant. To flatter *Cesar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points,

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,
From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
And poyson it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines so
Dissolue my life, the next *Casarian* smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the discandring of this pellered storme,
Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cesar sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our feuer'd Naue too
Haue knir againe, and Fleete, threatening most Sea-like.
Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-finewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ranfome liues
Of me for lests: But now, I set my teeth,
And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speake to them,

And to night I'll force

The Wine peepe through their scarrest.

Come on (my Queene)

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight

I'll make death loue me: for I will contend

Euen with his pestilent Syt de.

Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious

Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode

The Doue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still

A diminution in our Captaines braine,

Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,

It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke

Some way to leaue him.

*Enter Cesar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army,
Cesar reading a Letter.*

Ces. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.
Cesar to *Anthony*: let the old Russian know,
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time I
Laugh at his Challenge.

Meca. *Cesar* must thinke,
When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it selfe.

Ces. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battails
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that seru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,
And they haue earn'd the waste, Poore *Anthony*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land I'll fight: or I will liue,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:

Call forth my Household Seruants, lets to night

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,

Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,

Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,

And Kings haue beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What meane this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots
Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honest too:

I wish I could be made so many men,

And all of you clapt vp together, in

An *Anthony*: that I might do you seruice,

So good as you haue done.

Omnes.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:

Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me;

As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,

And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he meane?

Eno. To make his Followers weepe.

Ant. Tend me to night;

May be, it is the period of your duty,

Haply you shall not see me more, or if,

A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,

You'll serue another Master. I looke on you,

As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,

I turne you not away, but like a Master

Married to your good seruice, stay till death:

Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,

And the Gods yeeld you for't.

Eno. What meane you (Sir)?

To giue them this discomfirt? Looke they weepe,

And I au Asse, am Onyon-cy'd; for shame,

Transforme vs not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.

Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)

You take me in too dolorous a sence,

For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you

To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)

I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,

And drowne consideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.

2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

1. Nothing: what newes?

2. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.

1. Well sir, good night.

They meete other Soldiers.

2. Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.

1. And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.

2. Heere we: and if to morrow

Our Naue thrue, I haue an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand vp.

1. 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.

2. Peace, what noise?

1. I list. list.

2. Hearke.

1. Musicke 't'ch Ayre,

3. Vnder the earth.

4. It signes well, do's it not?

3. No.

1. Peace I say: What should this meane?

2. 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,

Now leaues him.

1. Walke, let's see if other Watchmen

Do heare what we do?

2. How now Maisters?

Speak together.

Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?

1. I, is't not strange?

3. Do you heare Maisters? Do you heare?

1. Follow the noyse so farre as we liue quarter.

Let's see how it will

Omnes. Conuen

Enter Anth

Ant. Eros, mine

Cleo. Sleepe a li

Ant. No my Cl

Come good Fellow

If Fortune be not o

Because we braue h

Cleo. Nay, I le

What's this for? A

The Armourer of m

Sooth-law I le help

Ant. Well, we

See't thou my good

Eros. Briefely S

Cleo. Is not this

Ant. Rarely, rar

He that vnuckles

To dast for our Re

Thou fumblest *Eros*

More tight at this,

That thou couldst

The Royall Occup

A Workeman in't.

Ent

Good morrow to t

Thou look'st like b

To businesse that w

And go too't with

Soul. A thousand

Riuered trim, and a

Enter C

Alex. The Mor

All. Good mor

Ant. 'Tis well b

This Morning, like

That meane to be

So, so: Come giue

Fare thee well Dan

This is a Soldiers k

And worthy shame

On more Mechanic

Now like a man of

Follow me clofe, H

Char. Please yo

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth galla

Determine this gre

Then *Anthony*; but

Trumpets for

Eros. The God

Ant. Would th

To make me fight

Eros. Had't it

The Kings that ha

That has this morn

Followed thy heel

Ant. Whose ge

Eros. Who? on